

REMARKS

UPON

FULLER's full Demonstration,

That the Pretended

PRINCE of *WALES*

Was the SON of

Mrs. *Mary Grey, &c.*

IN

A LETTER to a FRIEND.

To which is added

Mr. *COLARD*'s Clito Dissected.

AND

FULLER's Plain Proof

OF THE

True MOTHER

Of the Pretended

PRINCE of *WALES*,

Made out to be no PROOF.

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REMARKS

UPON

FULLER's full Demonstration,

That the Pretended

PRINCE of WALES

Was the SON of

Mrs. Mary Grey, &c.

S I R,

I Little thought that the Author of the Pamphlet which bears this Company, wou'd have troubled the World with any more Impertinency in Print, about a Subject which he had pall'd our Appetites with so often before; But *Fuller*, it seems, is not the Man I took him to be, and is Master of a more undaunted Assurance than to be startled into a Sense of Modesty, or convinc'd of His IMMATURITY OF JUDGMENT, tho' he has more than once given us a *Plain Proof* of it.

The Title of it is *A full Demonstration*, when it shou'd have been FULLER's Demonstration, that the World might have guess'd at the *Bastard* from the Name of the *Father*, and treated the Body of the Pmphet with that Contempt which was due to it from the *Rascal* in the *Frontispiece*.

Certain-

Certainly this Fool must needs be Hir'd by the Enemies of this present Government, to make us think the Gentleman at St. *Germain's* a *True Prince*, from the slender Proof he endeavours to give us that He is *not*, and he must needs be a Friend to the *Jacobite Party*, since he has done such disservice to that of the *Williamites*, by standing up in Defence of that Government, which at this time of day, is fix'd upon such a sure Foundation, that the Gates of Hell cannot prevail against it.

Non tali Auxilio nec Defensoribus istis Tempus eget, may be well enough apply'd to him, and a Quotation from the *Latin* may not look amiss in relation to a Fellow, that is so well acquainted with *Ovid*, as to know he is the Queen's Countryman. Who told him so, I can't tell, but it seems he knows he was born at *Modena*, which is a great Sign that *Fuller* did not partake of that Happiness, which he afterwards calls the Ingenuity of Her Majesty's Country.

As the Title of this Bundle of Incredibility's undeniably Proves Mrs. *Mary Grey* to be the Mother of the Young King at St. *Germain's*, and makes out with the same Clearness the *Murder* of her in all its *Particulars*, so the Advertisement at the Back of it, in relation to the Names of the Justices who took the Depositions, with the Places of Abode where the Depoents were to be heard of, is extreamly Comical and Entertaining.

As if any Magistrate whatsoever that had a Zeal for the Publick Good, would be unwilling that the World should know the Services he had done us by taking those Affidavits, if he had any good Opinion of the Persons that gave 'em; Or
any

any Peer, or Member of the House of Commons would pay a Visit to a Fellow at *John's* Coffee-house in the *Old-Baily*, when he has been us'd with such Contempt at the Doors of both Houses of Parliament, and they would not give him a Hearing when he was so very near 'em.

But the Compass of a Letter will not admit of any thing that is large by way of Reflection, and I must contract my Remarks into such Bounds as are of use in such Epistolary Proceedings; wherefore I shall skip over his impertinent Dedication to the Lord Mayor and his Right Worshipful Brethren, without any other Observation than, as he has hitherto affected no other Title than *William Fuller Gent. and Page of Honour to the late Queen*, so now he Assumes the Stile of *William Rex*, and begins as His Majesty does to Both Houses of Parliament with *My Lord and Gentlemen*, when his Mumping Epistle might have been drawn up by the same Penman that drew up the City Address from its Elegancy of Stile, I don't say *Bravery of Resolution*.

As for the Letter which he pretends is under the Queen's own Hand, and which he shew'd his great Skill in Chymistry in making appear Legible, I shall out of Respect to those Royal Names, whose Presence he says it was open'd in, forbear making any other Remarks, than that it only shews Her Majesties Compassion for the Misfortunes of a poor Woman, that might have suffer'd the Pains of Death for other Things than her being Mother to a Gentleman who was acknowledg'd for a Prince. And I appeal to you upon your Reading of it, whether any Inference can be gather'd from the Contents of it, that Her Majesty

fly was Mother of the Child therein mention'd? But for the Jesuite's Letter of Condoleance to the Dutcheſs of *Tyrconnel*, I ſhall make no Bones to ſay, that Religious Men have generally Chriſtian Names, and he that Father'd ſome Letters on *Sabran* by the Name of *Lewis*, might have remember'd Father *Corker*, tho' a Papift, was a Chriſtian, and have given us the Name that his Godfather beſtow'd on him, ſince a Perſon of his Ordinary Rank uſually writes in another Stile than that of Quality, to a Lady of ſuch an Eminent Character as a Dutcheſs.

Next, you are to obſerve what Perſons of Worth and Honour his Forty five Witneſſes are from theſe his four Affidavit Men, who, to be ſure, are the Chiefeſt amongſt the whole Pack, or they would not have the Preference of being nam'd firſt. One is a Squire, it is not Manners to ſay Knight of the Poſt, and he ſays a great deal to the Matter in hand indeed, by ſaying Mrs. *Grey* made her Escape from the Nunnery, as if her being in the Nunnery was an undoubted Argument that ſhe was the true Mother of of the P—— of *Wales's*.

The next is a Gentleman, that kept a Servant, and the Devil is in the Dice, if he don't make the P—— P—— Illegitimacy as clear as the Noſe in his Face; but why? Becauſe Mrs. *Grey* was one of the moſt *Beautiful* and briskeſt Woman in the World, and was big Belly'd, which muſt of conſequence be with him. But *Robert Wilkiſon* muſt be a Man of Honour, becauſe he was a Step higher than a Footman, and had 20 Pound a Year to wait upon his Lady, and he never ſaw Mrs. *Greys* Child after her Delivery, which muſt needs be an undeniable Proof, that
it

it was not *Still-born*, for if it had, he should have seen it; But what makes the matter beyond Dispute, is the Testimony of Mrs. *Ann Jones*, who is also a Chamber-Maid of Honour and Worth, and she saw *Fuller* and Mrs. *Grey* together, nay went with 'em in a Coach and Six, forsooth, down to *Dover*, from whence Mrs. *Grey* embarqu'd for a Nunnery in *France*, and has never been heard of since, which bears us no room to doubt but she must be the Mother of the P—P—

I know not what you in the Country may think of the Matter, I profess to you that I have a villanous Suspicion, that *Fuller* and All his forty five Witnesses, if there are any such Things in Being, are Rogues; and tho' it would be much for the Nations Quiet, could he make out what he has the Impudence to give us such Assurance of, I must still insist upon my Hardness of Belief that it cannot be true, because it comes from a Man of his scandalous Disposition.

His Petitions to the Parliament are nothing to the Purpose, and deserve no more Notice than his long-winded Divisions which he Pulpit-ter-like, has run up as high as Sixteenthly; and the Earl of *Nottingham* is a Gentleman, whose Abilities are so well known, that he needs no Vindication but what he can make for himself, else I should not close my Letter so soon, and conclude with no other Remarks on this Fellow's Impudence, than what you'll meet with in the following Piece of Poetry, by way of *Fable*, which we are taken with here in the Country.

O&A. the 22 d.
1701.

S I R,

Your very humble Servant.

S. F.

Fuller's *PLAIN PROOF.*

THE *Lion* having held the Reins,
 By ill Advisers led,
 The *Beasts* perceiv'd his want of *Brains*,
 And took his Crown to save his Pains,
 And plac'd it on the *Tyger's* head.
 Made King of *Brutes*, he wisely saw
 His Predecessor's Faults,
 And kept his Enemies in awe,
 As he lov'd Justice and the Law,
 Tho' some had other Thoughts.
 And these were willing to be blind,
 When Truth was just appearing:
 Their Prince was of the *Lyon's* Kind,
 A Whelp for Government design'd,
 And more not worth the hearing.
 The Pious Monarch tho' he knew
 His Right beyond disputes,
 Could not but be concern'd to view,
 How fast the foolish Humour grew,
 Amongst the silly *Brutes*.
 And sigh'd, and studied to reclaim
 A People lost to Sense,
 But they stood resolute to their shame,
 And cry'd up the young *Lyon's* Fame,
 As if their Lawful Prince.
 When to his Majesty there run,
 An **APE* with Visage Furious,
 And said, my Leige, here's Ten to One
 The *Lyon* has no Living Son,
 I'll prove his *Birth* is Spurious.
 Hold--- said the Sov'raign *Beast*, thou Sot,
 And streight withdraw thy Phiz,
 Should such a Rascal say, he's not
 Legitimate, and true Begot,
 The World would think *he is*.

Moral.

Thus for the Teller's sake the Tale we slight,
 And Fullers only, Read what Fullers Write.

Mr. Fuller's

THE
PUBLISHER
TO THE
READER.

THE two Pamphlets which fall under the Censure of my Friend who has oblig'd me with the following Remarks, having made no little noise, and met with a kinder Reception than either of 'em deserv'd, I was perswaded to send these two Letters abroad, in order to take off from the Prejudice they might have giv'n several against Truth. Both of 'em are for imposing upon our Belief, though they endeavour to carry on the Cheat by different ways; and as the first makes it his Endeavour to persuade us to accept of new Schemes in Matters of Religion, so the last spends his Time in forging new Discoveries in Affairs of States. Mr. Toland perhaps may take it amiss that he is coupl'd with Fuller; and that a Man of his Philosophy and Poetry, should be joyn'd with a Person of such unheard of Stupidity: but my Friend must account for that, he having sent 'em to me as the Reader sees 'em. Lest there should be misunderstood, as to his Principles of Government, tho' he has taken the right side

The Preface.

side in defending it against one that would pull it down, by destroying its Foundation, the best of Religions, I think my self oblig'd to acquaint the World, he's as great a Foe to Popery as any sanctified Member whatsoever, of Hall or Parlour; and is so far from being against his Country's Interest in its present Establishment, that he thinks himself much more happy in his Obedience to His Sacred Majesty K. William, than if St Germain's were transplanted to Kensington, and the little Gentleman in France were to kill his Stags on our Continent, as they'd make us believe He slaughters his Boars on theirs. And tho' he may be thought to aim at that which is no Compliment to his present Superiors, whom God has set over him, I'll pawn my Life for him, he'd be as active in defence of his King and Country, as the best Man of 'em all that exclaims against Jesuits, and raises Arguments against the Infallibility of the Tripple-Crown, should there be occasion for it. The Religion he has been bred up in, is the Church of England in its purest Doctrines; and if he has not hitherto acted altogether as becomes his Holy Profession, he take this Resolution for the future of opposing those who shall endeavour to set up new Religions, and those who have the Impudence to give their Votes for none. The Expressions he makes use of, may look somewhat harsh, but he thinks it an usage good enough for an Atheist, and an Entertainment not improper to treat a Lyar with.

Mr.

Mr. T O L A N D's
 C L I T O Examined,
 I N A
 L E T T E R
 To a F R I E N D.

S I R,

TH E Poem you sent me, reach'd *A-
 strop* on *Thursday* last, and having a
 sight of Mr. Toland's Name in the Pre-
 face, I immediately fell to work, to
 see what an Author, who had made such a Bustle
 in the World had oblig'd us with. The Publisher,
 who without doubt is Mr. Toland himself, for I
 can't suppose so ill a Man can have any Friend,
 begins with the same Introduction as other Pre-
 tenders to the Press, that it had been *handed a-
 bout in Manuscript*, that several Copies had crept
 abroad, and *underwent different Characters and
 Judgments*; and therefore to give People a due
 light into the *Principles* which some Men counted
pernicious, he had sent it abroad in order to reco-
 ver 'em from the Prejudice such and such Misre-
 presentations might have given 'em. I conclude
 with

with him indeed, that *Poetry is not his Business* ; and I am sure *His* at present can be no Body's *Diversion* but his own ; though I could wish he would rather divert himself that way, than publish *OCEANAS*, and write Panegyricks on *Milton* ; and give us the *Lives* and *Characters* of the worst of Men, in order to debauch us into the *Imitation* of 'em. But I can't but wonder at his way of conveying the Knowledge of his Humility to us ; *He never was heard to value himself for anything in Verse beyond a Song*, which in my Opinion, is, he had no mean Sentiments of his Lyrick Poetry. Without doubt his Mistress *Victorina*, who has had many a lamentable Ditty from him, can tell us whether he reaches up to the Perfections of the incomparable *Motteux*, or bears any Resemblance to the Character of the Prince of Sonnet-Makers, Mr. *Durfey*. As for the Name of the Poem, how he comes to call it *CLITO* ; or, *The Force of Eloquence*, when he *Himself*, not his pretended *Friend*, acts the *Orator*, I know not, and it looks something like a Mistake. Had he given it the Heathenish Name of *TOLAND*, or *ADEISIDEMON*, I am apt to think this abominable Issue of his Brain would have had a more significant Appellation. And though *CLITO* be too good a Name for a Person who has any Intimacy with a Man of his Character, yet I must join with him in approving his Choice of *ADEISIDEMON* for himself, which is in down-right *English* (not *Usuperstitious* as he terms it) but *one that fears neither God nor Devil*.

Having got rid of the Preface, it is but necessary we fall into the *Poem* ; and the first thing worth

worth Observation here, is the Character of his Familiar, and his Request.

*Clito the Wise, the Generous and Good,
Better than whom none ever understood ;
Or Things or Words, would yet distinctly know,
How far the Force of Eloquence could go
To teach Mankind those Truths which they mistake,
And who the noble Task durst undertake.*

We have some Reason to question the Truth of this Gentleman's Character from the Company he keeps ; but grant him what we believe he is not, it adds to our Author's Mistakes, to make him understand so well, and yet desire to be inform'd. In my Opinion, *Adeisdemon* ought to have made the Question, and *Clito* to have resolv'd it ; but 'tis not the first time *Mr. Toland* has undertaken to teach his Superiours, and instruct those who had more Knowledge than himself. But to begin with our Man of Eloquence.

*As furious Winds sweep down what e'er resists,
So shall my Tongue perform what e'er it lists,
With large impetuous Floods of Eloquence
Tickle the Fancy and bewitch the Sence,
Make what it will the justest Cause appear,
And what's perplex'd or dark, look bright and clear.*

Let me tell you, Sir, this promise of his is enough to raise our Expectations, and make us hope to have the whole Mysteries of Nature unfolded. But *Mr. Toland* has a natural Aversion for Mysteries, and is so far from endeavouring to set perplex'd or dark things in the light, that the thought of our Saviour's Incarnation is enough to make him Blaspheme against the Being that
caus'd

caus'd it; and the mention of the Resurrection, to make him give the Lye to that Omnipotence that has ordain'd it. And though he may be carry'd away in the Opinion of himself, that he can make which side he favours most, have the Advantage; yet if he's no better Orator than his Poetry shews him to be, he'll shoot wide of the Mark.

*The Fate of Beings, and the Hopes of Men,
Shall be what pleases my creating Pen.*

A Rant indeed; He might well call himself *Almanzor* in the *Preface*, when he pretends to the Attribute of the Almighty in the *Poem*; and may properly give him the name of a *Creating Pen*, since it gives Being to such unheard of Impieties.

*Then why should Men to die have so great Fear?
Though noughts Immortal, all Eternal are.*

Now the Fiend begins to shew his Cloven Foot, by putting off his Disguise, and dissuades Men from the Fears of Death by saying nothing in 'em is *Immortal*, yet every part which composes their Humane structure *Eternal*. *Homo frontis audacissima*! At this time of day to preach up the Doctrine of *Mundus est Aternus*, when the Author of all Eternity has said, it should not; and to dare to affirm the Soul to be mortal, when the Apprehensions of its being not capable of dying is the only dissuasive from doing Ill, and making us give a loose to our Lusts, like the Beasts which perish.

*Nature to me appears in no disguise;
Nor can one Atom scape my prying Eyes.*

If this, or the Mighty Feats that went before,
is

is the Business of an Orator, I know nothing of the Matter : *Cicero* may indeed harangue upon the Investigators of such hidden Truths , but an *Aristotle* or a *Cartesius* must find 'em.

*O Glorious Liberty ! For Thee I'll prove
The firmest Patron that e'er Tongue did move.*

Liberty is the Cloak He makes use of, to enslave us, and bring us under the Dominion of *Five Hundred Kings*, when the Constitution of our Happiness consists in being govern'd by *One*. But He may move His Tongue long enough before his *Prosaick Poetry* can lead us into the mistake of making Chains for our selves, and seeking imaginary Good before that which is real.

*Their Warlike Troops I shall with Ease Disband,
And conquer those who all besides Command ;
I've known a Senate with some Magick Words,
To Forks and Spades transform their bloody Swords.*

Certainly He fancy's himself to be Mr. *Tr---d*, and that He wrote the Argument against the Standing Army ; but the World is wiser than to think any such thing, as knowing he was picking holes in the Skins of the *Fathers*, when the Parliament were saving *Theirs* by Disbanding the Standing Troops. However, he lik'd the Fact, he might have omitted the Commendation of it for the sake of a certain Gentleman , whose Character he runs into some time after.

*Restore the Nation to its perfect Health,
Then Pow'r usurpt, destroy, and form a Commonwealth.*

The Nation is healthy enough without his Purges, and he may have occasion perhaps for
B Catharticks

Catharticks himself, after he has babbled a little longer with Madam *Victorina*.

As for the usurp'd Power he talks of, I don't believe King *William* (though he has the ill manners to liken him to *Brutus*) will give him leave to destroy it, or permit him to form what 'tis every Monarch's Interest to joyn against.

*Her Brutus, Rome had not so long ador'd,
If he had made himself Her Sov'reign Lord.*

Either King *William* is not our Sovereign Lord, or the Comparison between him and *Brutus* is not adequate. The City of *Rome* had, from the Foundation of its Empire, till *Julius Cæsar's* Time, been a Free State, and had imbib'd an Hatred from its very Original against Kings, I cannot therefore but agree with our Author, that if *Brutus* had cloath'd himself with the Sovereign Power, the *Romans* would not have had such a Love for his Memory: but how the Application comes to be made to us, I'm very far from knowing the reason; since 'tis very plain the Constitution of our Kingdom requires a Sovereign, and his present Majesty has actually accepted and invested Himself with that Dignity.

*And sure at Home, if thou wert so severe,
Thoud'st never labour for a Foreign Heir.*

The drift of this last Line, is to call in question the Justice of our present Settlement by Act of Parliament, and by Buzzing about, that the next Heir to the Crown after Her Royal Highness, is a Foreigner and of the House of *Lunenburg*, to make way for a Commonwealth. And this he has the Impudence to say in the next Line but one, he expects from *William's* Love, but

it's thought His Majesty loves his nearest Relations a great deal better than Mr. Toland.

*High Heav'n alone shall o'er thy Buildings sway,
And that alone be fairer thought than they.*

Here our Poet takes the Gift of Prophecy upon him, but does it in such Terms, that the *Wind and Weather-Man*, Dr. *Gustavus Parker* would be ashamed of. Every body knew Heaven was high, before he gave us to understand it; but what *swaying over thy Buildings* is, I know no more than the Man in the Moon, In short, he might have forborn talking of the Height of our Buildings, when the Royal Palace of *White-Hall* lies levell'd with the Ground.

— — — — — *All Holy Cheats*

*Of all Religions shall partake my Threats.
Whither with Sable Gowns they show their Pride,
Or under Cloaks their Knavery they hide.*

That may be, and not be a jot the worse for 'em. People, I thank God, begin to know *Toland* pretty well, and he may threaten till his Heart aches before any one will take notice of it. However, he has shew'd us what a Champion of the Truth he is, when he falls a reviling the Messengers of the only True God, and is for burning His Temples, as the Villain did that of *Diana at Ephesus*, only to be talk'd of. I knew indeed, Mr. *Toland* had an Aversion to Episcopacy, and the Establish'd Church of *England*, but never heard before he was fall'n out with Hypocrisy, or had shaken hands with his former Regards for the formal Gentlemen with short Cloaks, who not long since had him in their Service.

*RELIGION's safe; with Priest-craft is the War.
All Friends to Priest-craft, Foes to Mankind are.*

By *Priest-craft*, is meant serving God in his Ordinances ; and by *Religion*, an irregular Scheme without any Matters of Faith in it beyond what his Reason can explain to him ; so that the *last* might well be safe, when none but such as he would meddle with it ; and he might well have a *War* with the *first*, when it taught such a Purity of Belief, as ran counter to the Impurity of his, which is, that the Friends to God, are the Foes to his Creatures.

*When I've perform'd these Feats, new Danger calls ;
From Earth I'll soar, and scale High Heavens Walls,
To pull false Gods from thence, that Men may see
There's but One true, and perfect DEITY.*

Now our Spark's for *soaring*, when, though he is not so swag Belly'd as Father *Dominick*, yet his Guts, like his, were never made for *Moun-ting*. But there's no danger of his reaching Heaven while he continues obstinate in such Principles as bear no Communication with it. However, he's for renewing the Giants War, and like another *Tiphæus*, is for scaling Heav'n's Walls, which he's in the right of it again for calling *Higb*. I could wish Mr. *Toland* did not furnish us with the following Explication of these four Lines, (*viz.*) That when he had debauch'd his Votaries from their Faith and Allegiance, he would question the Being of our Sovereign Lord, God Almighty, in his Trinity and Unity, and dethrone the Second and Third Persons in it. If this be not his Opinion, and the Sense of his Words, I ask his pardon ; but I am sure 'tis that of the *Deists*, which abominable Sect he's not altogether a Stranger to,

With

*With Forms, and Postures, He is never pleas'd ;
Nor is his Wrath with Bribes to be appeas'd.*

Good again ! He himself has taught us a Form to pray by, and yet is offended at our making use of it. If God is angry with us, it matters not if we sue for Pardon, and deprecate the Vengeance we are threatned with : He's too just a Judge to take Bribes, that is, accept the Sorrows of a true Penitent, as he has promis'd us in his holy Word, and it's impossible for Him after He is once provok'd to be appeas'd. This is robbing God of His Chiefest Attribute, His Mercy, and flinging every one into a State of Damnation ; For without doubt, there is no Man living but has offended his Maker some time or other. This is a Scheme of believing with a witness, and *credat Judæus Apelles*, for neither I nor any rational Being can.

*To those dark Shades I'll introduce the Day,
And the Vain Terrors of Hell's Court display.*

Having storm'd the Gates of Heav'n, the next thing he does is to make a Visit to the Devil, and dispossess Him likewise of his Authority. He's a Fiend indeed fit enough to supply his place; but, I doubt, not prevailing enough to rob him of his Post. And though I cannot prove any such Local Place in Being, as this of *Fire and Brimstone* is; yet since God has spoken of it by the Mouth of His Prophets; and our Saviour Himself has made use of the Terrors of it, in order to our Salvation, I give an implicit Belieft to the Sacred Writ, which he questions the Truth of, and which may bring him to those Punishments he may wish too late he had not spoken so slightly of.

Legions

*Ligions of Fiends to Atoms I'll reduce,
And leave bad Men no Tempter for Excuse.*

This is a Confirmation in exprefs terms of what went before; and as he deny'd the *Punishment* there, here he actually declares there are no fuch Beings as the *Punifhers*, and takes the part of a Sceptical Divine; who faid that *Eve* had no fuch thing as a Tempter, but that the Depravity of her own Nature (though God had made her without Sin) caus'd her to rob the Tree of Life, and Original Sin was born with the World, not the after-growth of One who was the moft Beautiful part of it.

*And Fools will mend when Able Men exhort:
Or by ftrict Laws are kept from doing Hurt.*

I wifh this were applicable to himfelf, and he would hearken to the Advice of the Scripture he defpifes; or elfe our Parliament would handle him as they did in a Place which gives Birth to no Venemous Infefts, but yet was the Place of this poisonous Creature's Nativity, that the ftrictnefs of their Laws may tie up his Hands from doing hurt, and difperſing fuch Doctrines as are contrary to found Truth, and take all manner of occaſion to dilate their Infection amongſt fuch as are remifs in providing againſt 'em.

*So ſhall my Words like Thunder-bolts be hurl'd,
And will confound, or mend the erring World.*

As he before robb'd God of His Mercy, ſo now he has made bold with another of His Attributes, which is His Juſtice; and having got the Thunder-bolt in his Hand, he's for breathing
new

new Souls into his Fellow Creatures; or if they have a mind to keep their old ones, he's for dispatching them, and making way for his *Creating Pen* (as he calls it) to form others. But whatever he may think, I'm of Opinion, *mending* is none of his Province, though *confounding* may; and if he had the Gift of Reformation, he has so many Faults of his own to employ himself at *home*, that he need not go out in search of Business *abroad*.

*But when from Cares and Publick Business free,
Bright VICTORINA, my lov'd Theme shall be,
The softest words the sweetest things will tell,
And all I write or speak be fine and well.*

That is as much as to say, when he drops the pursuit of doing ill, which is his Business, to mend the Matter, he betakes himself to his Mistress; and though he us'd rough Expressions, as Thunder-bolts, &c. to frighten the Men into Vice, *Victorina* is such a perverse, cunning Baggage, that she'll not be driven; but he must speak *fine* and *well*, if he would bring her upon the Couch of Iniquity. A sign he has a better Opinion of the Fair Sex than his own: and that he does not pretend he has spoken well of his new System of Religion, when all his *fine* Words are kept in Reserve, to make a Convert of his *Bona Roba* with.

*But dear Image calms my raging Breast,
All should be still to lodge so fair a Guest.*

Let me tell you, we are more beholding to his Love, than we are to his Eloquence, the last was gotten into such a Fit of raving and blustering in Heroicks, that we should all have been flung upon our Backs by the force of it, had not the first inter-
pos'd,

pos'd, and hush'd the Storm. Well, I hope next he falls time a thundring, his Mistress will come lay that Evil to prevent the Effects of it, and in his Head, Spirit of his which hurries him away to his own destruction ; for I'm persuaded it's much better to be a *Whore-Master* than a *Deist*.

*Thus far I spoke ; and CLITO all approv'd,
Except what last was said of Her I lov'd.*

Had I been in *CLITO*'s place, I should have had another Opinion, and approv'd of what he said of his Mistress, much better than what he spoke of his God. When he speaks of the first, he's all over Obedience and Reverence ; but when he makes mention of the last, he seems possess'd with the Spirit of Rebellion, and looks as if he rose in defiance against Him that created him. As for his Lady, I know her not, and she may be Virtuous, as he gives us his Word, she is ; But for himself, he may be assur'd it's none of his Fault, if she be not downright Vicious.

Thus I have sent you my Thoughts of the Present you made me ; and should, at the same time, give you my Sentiments of *Fuller's Narrative*, had not I already swell'd 'em beyond the Bulk of a single Letter. You may expect my Observations next Post on the *Trifler in Prose*, as you now have those dispatch'd to you on the *Pains-taker in Verse*. In the mean time, take these Observations on the Poetical Man of Eloquence with the rest. He's a *Poet* without *Versification*, and *Orator* without *Elocution*, a *Disputant* without *Reason*, a *Subject* without *Obedience*, a *Boaster* without *Performance* ; and the Body of his Poem has as little an agreement with

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with the Title of it, as his way of living bears Proportion to the Name he bears of a Christian; and he may write himself a *Deist*, as long as he pleases, I am satisfied his manner of writing shews him little better than an *Atheist*.

Astrop. Octob.

12. 1700.

Yours, &c.

S. F.

C .

R E-

REMARKS

U P O N

Fuller's *Plain Proof*, &c.

TO keep my word with you, I have gone through the fatigue of reading the dullest Book in Nature, with the least appearance of Truth in it that ever saw the Light. Our Author gives it the Title of *Plain Proof*; but I durst to be sworn his Readers will give it another, and will agree with me, that he has so little *made out* the Matter in dispute, that he has more *perplext* the Cause than ever. Without doubt this *Fuller* might have done some Service for the present Government; but I have no reason to conclude, that the Duke of *Shrewsbury* gave him the Certificate he impudently puts at the back of his Title, for his bringing the Birth of the Prince of *Wales* to light; and though I should be as glad to have him prov'd an Impostor as any *Englishman* living, yet you must excuse me, if I suspend my Belief of an Assertion which is Midwif'd into the World by a Person of his Character. I have read his Life too lately to be in love with his manner of Living; and since *Truths* are often questioned from Men who have known Talents at Lying, you must not think me an Infidel if I don't give Credit to a *Lye*, that comes from a known *Lyar*. There's no dispute but the Lord Mayor and Aldermen
are

are highly oblig'd to him; but if they have giv'n him a Penny, which I suppose he wrote his Dedication for, they have return'd the Obligation more than threefold on his Head, and kept his *strong Mountain which bids defiance to all its Opposers*, sometime longer than it would otherwise from dwindling into a *Mole-Hill*. Sir *Richard Levet*, and his Right Worshipful Brethren have more Sense, than to believe what the House of Lords, and the Honourable the Commons, would not give Credit to; and though they are such good Protestants as to be sticklers in good Earnest against Popery, yet the cause of Religion is of it self so good an Argument for keeping this young Gentleman still at *St. Germans*, that they have no need of having recourse to a *Fuller* to keep 'em steady and unshaken in their present Loyalty; or have any occasion of laying hold on *Illegitimacy* to support their Pretensions, when the preservations of their Laws, Liberties, and all that's dear to 'em, are sufficient Pleas in favour of their Conduct. As for my own part, though I'm a better Subject than this Affidavit Man, yet I can never believe his Depositions, till they are back'd by those of as many noble Persons, as those about the Truth of the Prince's Birth were; and if I forbear giving Credit to him, 'tis not so much for the P—fake, as for his own, who is so great a stranger to any thing that looks like Truth.

In his Preface, he begins with the Reports that our *English* Travellers make of this Unfortunate young Gentleman's Atchievements, and the hopes the Roman Catholicks have beyond Sea of establishing him and their Religion yet in these Kingdoms. As for the first, some
young

young Gentlemen are more sprightly than others, and I should be glad if he were of as common Birth, as *Fuller* reports him to be of, so he was *English* Born, to hear of any Fellow Subjects Improvement; and for the last, I've a better Opinion of the Roman Catholicks Prudence, than that they should tell a known Enemy and Spy, they design'd to Sing High Mass shortly in *St. Paul's Cathedral*; but am apt to fancy Mr. *Fuller* has been in some Goal or other, rather than a holding Disputes at *Antwerp*; or a travelling in the Countries at Home, cheating His Majesty's Subjects, than conversing with Father *Sabran*, or *Hunter*, beyond the Seas. Nothing more seems material in the Preface, than the Reason he gives for not publishing this dull Pamphlet sooner, and that is, because he expected a Hearing before the Lords, which they Honourably refus'd him, and rather serv'd for an Argument to forward the Suppression of such Scandalous Papers, than their Publication.

Having found my way through the *Porch*, 'tis but necessary I should take some small Entertainment in the *House*, and here the first Course is a Narrative to pick at, which has all the Positive Assurance of Matters of Fact, while the second is an Epistolary Desert, with the resemblance of something that looks as much like nothing as can be. He tells you he was *deliver'd* of a small Narrative about the Prince's *Birth* four Years ago; that a Man of Quality gave himself the Trouble of Answering it, and examining the Features of this Brat of his Brain; and that the Noble Person who has made a Fool of him, was a Gentleman so well known among the Citizens of *London*, that he can't take up Goods without

without Ready Money. When he might have said, he himself was so well known, that no one could call in question the Truth of what that Worthy Person alledg'd against him. But I cannot but say this in his behalf, that the small Number of his *Affidavits* shew he has more Modesty in making Oath than his Predecessor *T. O. D. D.* of Famous Memory, who stretch'd his *Pagan* Lungs much beyond Number 6; and the Simplicity and Incredibility of 'em are such, that it's full as hard to believe the One, as 'twas formerly to take off People from giving Credit to the Other. To go on with his Depositions:

1. He's ready to Swear with all his Heart and Soul, when any Body will take his Oath, That the Countess of *Tyrconnel* brought over two Big-Belly'd Women, in *May* 1688. with her, in the *Monmouth* Yatch, Capt. *Wright* Commander.
2. He avers upon his Soul, that one of these two Big-Belly'd Women, fell to pieces at an Inn in *St. Albans*.
3. He avers again, as he hopes to be sav'd, the other Lady, who was not so near her Time, and could carry her Burthen farther, got safe to *London*, and was lodg'd in *St. James's* Palace, in two Rooms joyning to the Marchioness of *Powis's*; and upon his unquestionable Veracity, her Name was Mrs. *Mary Grey*.
4. That the said Mrs. *Mary Grey* fell into Labour on *Saturday* the 9th of *June* in the same Year, 1688; That Mrs. *Wilks* was brought to her, and that the Queen came instantly to *St. James's*, and pretended of a sudden to be in the same Condition; and Mrs. *Grey* being deliver'd, the Child was carried in a Warming-Pan by Mrs. *Labbady* (which he actually saw, by all that's good) through the narrow Gallery into the Back Room,

next

next to that where the Queen lay. 5. To keep his Hand in at *Avering*, he avers, That this same Mrs. Grey, and no Body else in her Skin, was sent away three Weeks after her Delivery, and that too by Command to *Dover*, in a Coach and six Horses, accompany'd by Father *Lewis Sabran*, the Marchioness of *Powis's* Woman, and the said Juror's own dear self; and that one Father Grey, a Secular Priest of *Calice*, met her there, and took her with him in the Pacquet-Boat to *Calice*, and from thence to the Benedictine Nunnery at *Paris*. 6. To conclude, and pin the Basket, he makes use of his own Word, and avers again, that the Lady was true Flesh and Blood, and did not care to end her Days in a Nunnery; wherefore she made a Breach in the Wall, and made her Escape from her Confinement; but in three days, after great Search, she was found, and sent back to the Cloister, to mumble over her Beads again.

These are the Six plain Proofs our *Ductor Dubitantium* has giv'n us of the young Prince's Illegitimacy; which, though they are not worthy of Reply, are thus expos'd as trivial, and as so many Propositions without Consequences. (1.) Suppose two Gentlemen with Child did actually come over with my Lady *Tyrconnel*, does that Argue that the Countess brought 'em over for the use of the Queen? Certainly Her Majesty had no occasion to send to *Ireland* for *Breeders*, when so many young People were playing the Fool under Her Nose, and understood the Act of *Generation* as well as any Teague-lander whatsoever. (2.) 'Tis highly improbable if such a Design was in hand, and nothing would content our then Sovereign Lady but an *Irish* Bantling,

Bantling, that the Countess should pick out Women so near their Time, as that one of 'em should cry out at *St. Albans* in her way to *London*, and the other lie down in less than a Month after at *St. James's*. (3.) Take it for granted, that she was brought to and lodg'd in *St. James's Palace* over my Lady *Stricland's* Lodgings, &c. Her Lodgings were at too great distance from Her Majesty's, and very disagreeable to the intended Design. For the Child was brought hot from the Body, which could never be, had it been born such a distance from the Queen's Apartment. Their Majesties Physicians made Oath in *Chancery*, That the After-birth was reeking; and how that could be, after its being brought through two Chambers, the Narrow Gallery, and Her Majesty's Anti-Chamber those who understand the Nature of it, and how soon it cools, cannot imagine. (4.) The Devil must needs owe Mrs. *Labbady* a Shame, if, after Matters were so closely concerted, as he would make us believe, she could be so impudent as to carry the Child in the Warming-Pan openly before a young Fellow, who at those Years was so far from keeping a Secret, as he is now from being trusted with one. (5.) Let him aver his Heart out, that she went in a Coach and Six Horses to *Dover*, he shall never bring me to conclude from thence, that the P—— of *Wales* his Mother was sent into a Nunnery. I'll be plain with him, it seems very improper to me, that a fair Lady, who had taken her Leave of Man's Flesh, and was retiring into a Convent, should take such a Lustful young Rogue with her as he was, in the Coach by way of *Mortification*. (6.) Had the young Prince been her Son, and she

she such a Tender Mother of Him, she would have (after her Escape from the Nunnery) made what haste she could to *St. Germain's*; but, though Father *Sabran's* Letter says, she was so fond, she could not live from her Son, this Spark makes her otherwise, and so far from having her Bowels yearn after Him, that she takes to her Heels, and runs as fast as her Legs could carry her from the Sight of him.

Thus much for his six Affidavits, and I have nothing to do, except the taking Notice of one thing, before I make enquiry into his Seven Letters, and two *Irish* Certificates; and that is, the Reasons why Mrs. *Grey* was murder'd. She was put to Death, he says, because she should not discover her Son to be the Prince of *Wales*, and so break the Measures of the Court. If this be not *Argumentum ab imbecilliori*, I am highly mistaken. For to suppose a Woman to be a Mother of a Child, fond of it to the last degree, desirous of his Welfare, &c. and yet at the same time to repine at his Preferment, and discover her Son's Birth, though given out and receiv'd for a Branch of the Blood Royal, are as inconsistent as Falshood is with Truth, or a Person of *Fuller's* Character, with one who has an Abomination for *Fuller's* Forgeries.

But I spend too much Time upon what does not deserve my notice, and it's altogether proper to keep my word with you, after having given you a promise of what I could wish I had made no mention of, *i. e.* to Communicate my Thoughts of the Letters, whether they are genuine or no. Believe it, Sir, I perform this Task very unwillingly, as being in the Interest, of a Government he seems to espouse, and which
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the D ——— of S ——— has given under Hand, this Fellow has been serviceable to; but as the People of *England* have no reason to be apprehensive of any danger from their Enemies, whilst they are under the Security of his present Majesty's Protection, and are shelter'd by his Sword, and govern'd by his Sceptre, we have no manner of need to make use of little Artifices for the defence of a Cause which has occasion for nothing but it's own Glory and Sincerity to support it. Therefore I cannot be thought to side against my Country, if I declare the Letters which are any thing material, seem all written by one hand, though I question not he deliver'd those he speaks of to King *William*, and swore heartily before his Majesty, that they were genuine.

To begin with the Two first, directed to the Lords *Montgomery* and *Castlemain*. The Contents of 'em are the same in substance, and sent by the same Messenger of Integrity, *William Fuller*. And though we should be so favourable to him as to make no scruple at all in relation to the Person that Penn'd 'em down, yet we have good reason to doubt whether her Majesty if she wrote 'em, was so solicitous about the recovery and flight of Mrs. *Grey*, for fear of discovering the true Mother of the P ——— of *Wales*. Other reasons of State might induce her to make enquiry after her, and it's so inconsistent with a Lady of any sparks of Christianity to desire any one to *Assassinate* her Fellow Creature, and at the same time time address her self to *Heav'n* and *Pray for Success* in such a *Hellish* Affair, That I must needs be excus'd, if I say, this looks very much like *Fuller*, who first *Forges* a Matter, and
D afterwards

afterwards abuses God's Holy name, by *Swearing* 'tis matter of Fact.

Lett. 3. Being taken out of Mr. *Crone's* Pocket Book, and he afterwards convicted of High-Treason for the Contents of it and other Matters, I shall not call the Justice of the most equitable Court in the World in question; yet, though it shews Her late Majesty held a Correspondence with the Lord *Montgomery* by means of the Bearer who was afterwards under Sentence of Condemnation for it, I am apt to believe our Affairs were not so firmly established at that juncture, but His Majesty out of his great Wisdom would have caus'd the Letters which relate to Mrs. *Grey* to be made publick, in order to fix the Minds of some People, who at that time of day were bending towards the Belief of the aforesaid P——'s Legitimacy. One thing which I take particular Notice of in this Letter, is, that *Fuller* was trusted with Bills, and did not turn the Money to his own use.

Lett. 4. Is written, as he says, by Father *Sabran* a Jesuit; let who will be the Author of it, I dare acquit *Fuller* with a safe Conscience, that he did not write it himself. It favours too much of Piety to be any thing of his Dictating; tho' there's too great an Air of Roguery in it not to be of his Contriving. In short, he might bring it to the late Queen of ever blessed Memory, for all that I know; but it seems a little odd (if it was found in the Dutche's of *Tyrconnel's* Trunk) that a Prince of such a penetrating Judgment as his present Majesty is, should order a Business of such consequence to be entrusted in the hands of one who had broke his Trust before in Betraying his Mistress, and to let it be unpublish'd till this time,

time, when no Prince in Christendom disputes the Justice of His Majesty's Rightful and Lawful Title.

Lett. 5. Has the Dutcheſs of *Powis's* Name to it, and is pretended to be under her *Hand*, when it looks very much like the Products of our Man of Depositions own *Head*: Though 'tis not done ſo artfully as became a Man of his Invention; He ſhould have made my Lady Dutcheſs to have ſpoken plainer; and ſince theſe two Ladies held ſuch a free Correſpondence together to have cloath'd her Meaning with leſs ambiguous Terms. Though I am very ready to conclude, that an Affair of this Nature would ſcarce be truſted to any thing but Cyphers; and that notwithstanding he pretends it was taken out of the Dutcheſs of *Tyrconnel's* Trunk, it had ſeen the Light ſooner, had not he put in there.

Lett. 6. Shews the dull Mr. *Fuller's* Head had been employ'd in Counterfeiting the Ingenious Mr. *Carry's* Hand. That unfortunate Gentleman is too well known for his Stile, to addreſs a Lady of Quality in that Nature; and though ſome People who know how to Forge Bills, &c. may give us ſomething not unlike his Hand, they may try long enough before they can reach up, to the Perfections of his *Head*.

Lett. 7. Is far from being artfully contriv'd and may be genuine for all that I know, for there's nothing in it, but the Duke's Sorrows, for his Kinſwomans Misfortunes, his Thanks to the Dutcheſs of *Powis* for her good Offices, and his Proteſtations that he cannot comply with Mrs. Grey's deſires of obtaining a *Rockers* Place, becauſe of her Diſpoſition. Several other things might make her Requeſt improper, beſides, a Mothers
tenderneſs

tendernefs of Nature, which he will have it to be; and tho' the General Opinion has fo startled me, that I lean very much after the Defires of knowing the Truth of this Gentleman's Original, who is fo much talk'd of, yet the Character of our Author, his known Difingenuity, and the Contempt he has met with from Both Houfes of Parliament, confirms me, that it cannot be as he afferts, though I cannot tell but it may be as a great many others think. I wifh heartily for a Light into the Matter, but it muft come from another hand, if it expects a Reception.

As for the two *Irifh Squires*, who begin their Letter with Mr. *William Fuller*, Sir, their Information has as little Authority over me, as their Wives Certificate; and I'm a Dog if I can think a Lady of the Dutcheffs of *Tyrconnel's* Temper could fo far pocket up the Injuries of the Marriage-Bed, as to Carefs the Woman that had rob'd her of her Husband's Love, and not only be unconcern'd at a Rival's being with Child, but take a Voyage for *England*, to take care of her safe *Delivery*. This is fuch a piece of Condefcention, your Termegant Wife nor mine would ever fubmit to; and though *Fuller* has made the *Dutcheffs* give 'em this Prefident, the way to have our Houfes pull'd down upon our heads, is for us to follow the *Duke's*.

I would have t'other fling at this piece of Ridicule, but I am affraid I have faid enough to make me lofe my Intereft with you, and get the Name of a *Jacobite*, which at this time of Day will be no profitable Title to.

Aftrop 14th
Octob. 1700.

SIR,

Yours, &c.

S. F.

THE
Jacobites ANSWER
TO
WILLIAM FULLER;

In a Letter to a Friend in *London*,
from a Gentleman in the Country.

S I R,

THough I told you in my last, that I had no great Veneration for the Name of a *Jacobite*, yet since *Fuller* Professes himself a *Williamite*, I am content to sit down with the Title he gives those in general, who are not in Love with his way of Writing, and no great Admirers of his Method of Living. The Poor persecuted *Indians* at *Mexico*, had lik'd Heav'n well enough were they not told the *Spaniards* were to come there; and I should have no unkind Opinion of a certain Sect, which has been establish'd in this latter Age, were such a Wretch as this Impudent Scribler banish'd from it. But since he is caress'd by a
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sort of *Ignorant* People, after he has been
 disown'd by those who have deservedly
 the Name of *Wise*, and is entertain'd at some
 Magistrates Houses in the *City*, though
 the *Court* has actually ronounc'd him, I
 must be excus'd, if I take part with the ju-
 dicious, in order to reclaim the unthinking,
 and make bold to enquire into the Wri-
 tings of a Man, who like *Horace* his Blood-
 sucker — *Tenet, occiditq; legendo, non*
missura Cutem nisi plena Cruoris — But the
 Author of his Life informs us, he is, by *E-*
ducation, a Conneywool-Cutter; wherefore I
 might have spar'd my scraps of Latin, and
 kept 'em for another purpose, though for
 the same reason I might forbear making
 Replies to him in English, since he seldom
 carries his Apprehension along with him.
 Since I gave my self the trouble of making
 out his *Plain Proof to be no Proof*, the Fool
 has so much employ'd himself in dabling
 with Ink, and making Work for the re-
 tainers of the Press to get Livelihoods by,
 that his Immaturity of Judgment is grown a
 common excuse for a known Lyar with
 us in the Country, and nothing is to be
 heard but his dear Expression, *I aver*,
 when any one is going to put upon his
 Neighbours Belief by a downright Fals-
 hood. His Answer to me in his Letter to
 the Lord Mayor (who to my knowledge
 would not see him) had such a superfluity
 of

of Impertinence, such a sensible want of the thing call'd Sense, and such a mysterious medly of incredible Asseverations in it, that I quietly fate down with the comfort of having baffled him, though I should have had more abundant satisfaction, had his *decrepid* Arguments, which he Christen'd with the Name of so many *strong Mountains*, bore an ascendant over mine, since I might have been rid of a Belief which I cannot part with, unless more convincing Proofs than those he has amus'd the World with are brought into it. The Gentleman, whom I owe acknowledgments to, for taking up the Cudgels for me by Bastinadoing him with his two half sheets, has sufficiently given the Publick an insight into his Character, and from thence furnish'd us with Reasons not to give ear to the *Charmers Voice*, *charm be never so wisely*. But as I am very desirous to be fix'd, and not halt between two Opinions; so I am ready to dismiss the prejudice I have conceiv'd against him from his evil Practices; provided I could see the least *glympse* of Truth through the *Deeds of Darkness* he charges the then Court of St. James's with, which as yet neither the Man, nor his Writings, nor the People (I mean old Women and *Al—n*) that ignorantly side with him have been able to bring about. Yet *Fuller* continues making a havock of
Sense,

Sense, and brandishes his destroying Pen without any compassion for the Poor Reader, who does no uncommon Penance by the perusal of the Lines he punishes him with. Three Booksellers, *Salisbury, Baldwin,* and *Mrs. Harris,* have felt the Effects of dealing with him; and the fourth, who who has lately Printed *His Life by his own Hands, &c.* unless he takes timely warning from their losses, may chance to be drawn into the same *Præmunire*. But now he has taken to the Mendicatory way of begging People to read his Books, and particularly his *Life printed for A. Baldwin*; perhaps he may prevail with Fools to fling away their Money; and the honest Man, who purchas'd the Copy, may come off at a much easier Rate than his Predecessors of the same Trade. Not, but our Author has a much greater Advantage in *Writing* his Books, though he falls short of it, in the *Sale* of 'em, and sides with a Party which has not the discouragements those have who fling away their time in making Replies to him. He may vent what *railing accusations* he thinks fit to make use of; may vilifie Crown'd Heads, and abuse those unfortunate Persons, whose Exile is a sufficient punishment for their late Miscarriages, and who have been once call'd by the Name of *God's Anointed*: When those who have the Unhappiness to measure Pens with him,
are

are forc'd almost, for fear of speaking too much, to *lay their hands on their Mouth*; and make use of no other Words, than what were apply'd to Satan, *viz. The Lord rebuke Thee*. A Sentence applicable at present to a Wretch, whole *railing Accusations* will permit of no sublunary Reproof, unless the Parliament he appeals to, take him in hand once more, and he feel the effects of trifling with so Venerable an Assembly, as the Lords and Commons are, whose Names he makes use of on all Occasions.

But to pay a greater deference to their Authority, than by insisting on their losing their precious Minutes, which are wholly intended for better purposes, in examining a Fellow who has nothing to depose, I don't care if I fling away a loose hour, in giving account of his *Non-recantation to the Jacobites*, the only Piece, I think, of his which has not of late been taken notice of, and expos'd after the common Fate of that indefatigable Author's Books. The occasion of the Title, as I take it, is one Mr. *Kingston's* disowning the Writing his Life, publickly in the Post-Boy, and therefore our Author must needs be guilty of a Misnomer in his Title Page by directing it to the *Jacobites*. If he knows Mr. *Kingston* as well as he pretends he does, he cannot but own he's very much in the wrong, by bestowing on him such an undeserv'd

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Apellation.

Appellation. For Mr. *Kingston*, and a *Jacobite* are at as great a distance in their Principles, as *Fuller* and an honest Man; and I am told, not a few *Persons of Quality*, and *actually in Places of Trust*, are well satisfy'd with the Services which he has already done the present Government, and his Abilities upon occasion of performing more, which is Demonstrable from his reception among Persons of the highest Rank in that Interest, when *Fuller's* Intimacy with the Earls of *Romney*, and *Albemarle*, is nothing else but Fiction. As the Title has what is exceptionable in it, so the Contents of the Paper are altogether Foreign to the Design of his Life, which it is written as a sort of a Reply to; and the *Legitimacy of the Prince of Wales*, seems no more to be intended to beprov'd in the Pamphlet about the *Conneywool-Cutter*, than I am told our Author is capable of proving his own. And how a Person must needs be a Papist, who writes against a Person who is such a Scandal to the Protestant Religion, it is not in my power to divine.

I am apt to believe *He's not at all concern'd* at what is alledg'd against him, since it's almost impossible a Man of his outward and inward Complexion can shew any Tokens of Modesty, but am much surpriz'd at his arrogant expectance of *God's Blessing* after Actions so little deserving the very *Mercy* of his divine Omnipotence.

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As for his *Appeal to the Three Estates of the Kingdom*, about the Examination of his *Forty five Witnesses*, I really believe he might have spar'd himself the trouble of it; for neither the *King's most Excellent Majesty*, the *Lords Spiritual and Temporal*, nor the *Commons of England*, I presume, will have so little business on their hands, as to be at leisure to give Ear to it. For 'tis one thing to insinuate himself into the good Opinion of a Credulous Tradesman, and another to put upon so distinguishing Capacities which the Members of that *August Assembly* are Masters of. Without all question, they can no more believe he has such a Number of Witnesses, than that it is possible the whole World can produce Forty five Persons as profligate as *Fuller* is, and will consider with themselves that had they known any thing in relation to the *Particulars of that supposititious Birth*, they would have deliver'd 'em to the Ministers of State, and not to a Fellow whose very Conversation with 'em was enough to make even Truth it self suspected; and who if he was not weary of his Life, would never petition the Justice of the Nation to take him off. His *Affertions* are called *voluntary*, I suppose, because he would have the World imagine he commenc'd Rogue of his accord, and had no Party to persuade him to set up for an Evidence in a matter which

which he has no manner of Knowledge of, I question not but his Nature was deprav'd enough to incline him to any Villainous Undertaking whatsoever ; but I shall never believe but that he had some Persons to back him as to the Method of making out his unintelligible *Plain Proof*. The *Considerations* he *offers to the Impartial Reader*, shews his Excellent Talent at Reasoning, and what an admirable sort of an Advocate he is like to be accounted. He shews he had no *Inducement* to this unparalell'd Discovery but a *regard to Truth*, because he was *sighted* after he had made it, and argues *ex post Facto*, that he had no Expectation of a Reward from the *consequence* of it. As if his Reader could not have any Thoughts of finding any coherence in his Writings, because there was no such thing in 'em ; and 'twas impossible for some good Friend of his to wish him *hang'd*, because he had hither to escap'd honest Mr. *Pierce* the Superintendant of *Tyburn's* Clutches. But he must give me leave not to credit one Word of his treating with Father *Sabran*, and *Hunter* for Terms of Reconciliation to King *James*, and his Interest, since it's highly improbable they should not find some means or other of detaining a Person from returning into *England* again, who had been such an Enemy to the *Supporter* of their Religion in it, and who had spit
his

his Venom against the Legitimacy of a Prince, whom they acknowledg'd as the Presumptive Heir of Three flourishing Kingdoms. Priests and Jesuits are other sort of People, and though *Fuller* make no Bones of over-reaching his Protestant Land-Lords, his Popish Entertainers in all outward appearance must necessarily have been too many for him.

If he has not *got twenty Pounds by his Books*, it's no more than the stupid Author of 'em deserv'd; though the Reader may take it for granted, he was big with the expectation of a greater Summ, when he cajol'd Mr. *Hook*, Mrs. *Harris's* Journey-Man, with hopes of ten Guinea's for himself only for the delivery of 'em to Persons of Note, though those peices of Gold dwindled into one small bit of Silver (*viz.*) a Poor Shilling, the Gift of the Right Honourable the Lord *Lucas*, Governour of his Majesties Tower of *London*. Nothing worthy of our notice falls out, before we come to his Character of Dr. *K——n*, and the assurance he has from Ministers of State, and Persons in places of Trust, that he either wrote his Life or *dictated* to Mr. *P——t*, I shall therefore forbear his Nonsensical short Plea, and omit reflecting on his making the Devil lose by the Comparison, in likening himself to him, to examine the Reasons he had for such improbable Assertions.

tions. The Man that keeps the Sign of *Mother Damnable*, to my Knowledge, will give the Doctor the best words he is Master of, his Wife having Nurs'd four of his Children, and been punctually paid to the value of more than a hundred Pounds : So that *Fuller* is much besides the Mark, in picking out one of the Persons he has oblig'd, to give him a bad Word. As for the sixteen Sheets, which he puts the Epithet of *Sham* to, the Doctor is ready to prove, he had 'em from Mr. Secretary T — in Order to expose him, but he forbore doing it then, for the same reasons, he has done since, (*viz.*) because the Subject is too mean and scandalous, Mr. P — also is very much alter'd from his usual temper, if he has daub'd his Fingers with him, for I had formerly some small Knowledge of him at the University, when he was Fellow of — College, and never till now heard from any one, but he was a Gentleman of more Literature than to want the Assistance of any one to *Dictate* to him. I should close here, if it was not for his *averring*, that the reason he had for bilking his Lodgings, was a design his Enemies had to murder him, by the means of corrupting *two of his Servants*, which deserves a double reflection. First, Such an indigent Fellow ought to be censur'd for Extravagancy in keeping two Servants, when he has not wherewithal
to

to maintain himself; Secondly, Because he has the impudence to think he's a Person so considerable, as to make his Enemies uneasy, while he was living. For my part, I am apt to think, he may walk the Streets securely, if he has no more to fear from *Bailiffs*, and *Officers of Justice*, than he has from *Jacobites*, and be assur'd of the Preservation of his *outward Man*, while he makes so Diminutive Figure with that which is *inward*.

F I N I S.



